

1. K. Leade couragious Cofin.

1.2. K. Wee'l follow cheerefully.

*A great noife within crying, run, save hold:*

*Enter in haft a Messenger.*

Mess. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

*Enter Pirithous in hafte.*

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a curfed haft you made  
If you have done fo quickly: noble Palamon,  
The gods will fhew their glory in a life.  
That thou art yet to leade.

Pal. Can that be,  
When *Venus* I have faid is falfe? How doe things fare?

Pir. Arife great Sir, and give the tydings eare  
That are moft early sweet, and bitter.

Pal. What  
Hath wakt us from our dreame?

Pir. Lift then: your Cofen  
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*  
Did firft beflow on him, a blacke one, owing  
Not a hayre worth of white, which fome will fay  
Weakens his price, and many will not buy  
His goodneffe with this note: Which fuperftition  
Heere findes allowance: On this horfe is *Arcite*  
Trotting the ftones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*  
Did rather tell, then trample; for the horfe  
Would make his length a mile, if 't pleas'd his Rider  
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting  
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to'th Muficke  
His owne hoofes made; (for as they fay from iron  
Came Mufickes origen) what envious Flint,  
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him poffeff  
With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke  
Or what feirce sulphur elfe, to this end made,  
I comment not; the hot horfe, hot as fire,  
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what diforder  
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,  
Forgets fchoole dooing, being therein traird,  
And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At the Sharpe Rowell, which he freats at rather  
Then any jot obaies; seekes all foule meanes  
Of boyftrous and rough Iadrie, to dif-seate  
His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought serv'd,  
When neither Curb would cracke, girth breake nor diffri  
Dis-roote his Rider whence he gre w, but that (plung  
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes  
on end he ftands

That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head  
Seem'd with ftrange art to hang: His victorios wreath  
Even then fell off his head: and prefently  
Backward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze  
Becomes the Riders load: yet is he living,  
But fuch a veffell tis, that floates but for  
The furge that next approaches: he much defires  
To have fome fpeech with you: Loe he appears.

*Enter Thefem, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire*

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance  
The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,  
Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:  
Give me thy laft words, I am *Palamon*,  
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take *Emilia*  
And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,  
Farewell: I have told my laft houre; I was falfe,  
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Cofen:  
One kiffe from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:  
Take her: I die.

Pal. Thy brave foule feeke *Elizium*.

Emil. Ile clofe thine eyes Prince: blessed foules be with  
Thou art a right good man, and while I live,  
This day I give to teares.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thef. In this place firft you fought: ev'n very here  
I funderd you, acknowledge to the gods  
Our thanks that you are living:  
His part is playd, and though it were too fhort  
He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,